

No. 965.

THE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
OF THE LATE
WILLIAM A. COFFIN,
OF HUDSON.

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WILLIAM A. COFFIN,

OF THIS CITY.

Nantucket Historical Association.

HUDSON:

Printed by Ashbel Stoddard.

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1833.

BIOGRAPH

As only a few copies to be struck off for the relatives of the author, seem superfluous; but number, may fall into otherwise mistake the thought proper to add

If a life distinguished adorned with all that fortitude to bear up could deserve to be perpetual of the following poet spirit to snatch it from age of twenty-two. F of possessing the *germ* In his boyhood, he disp of thinking far beyond where he always resided correct habits, and get them to be remembered our author. His few enthusiastic devotion selection of which he read with a great de devour the beauties excellence as it were opportunities to acquire taken up while in he during his leisure hours respectable classical of his life, he was c disease the *Dyspepsy* fondness for the music hours in perpetrating number of the following were written during

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

As only a few copies of the following poems were intended to be struck off for the use of the particular friends and relatives of the author, the annexed biographical sketch might seem superfluous; but as the copies, however limited in number, may fall into the hands of strangers, who might otherwise mistake the motives of their publication, it has been thought proper to add the following brief memoir:—

If a life distinguished for exemplary virtue; a character adorned with all that is amiable; a mind endued with fortitude to bear up cheerfully under the severest suffering; deserve to be perpetuated, then did the memory of the author of the following poems, deserve the pen of some master spirit to snatch it from oblivion, although he died at the early age of twenty-two. From his earliest years he gave evidence of possessing the *germ* of far more than an ordinary intellect. In his boyhood, he displayed a manliness of carriage, and a tone of thinking far beyond his years. In the city of Hudson where he always resided, there have been few of his age, whose correct habits, and general affability of deportment, will cause them to be remembered longer and with more respect than our author. His few leisure hours were employed in the most enthusiastic devotion to reading the best authors, in the selection of which he shewed great skill and judgment. He read with a great deal of rapidity, and seemed literally to devour the beauties of his authors, and to imbibe their excellence as it were by intuition. Although he had few opportunities to acquire an education, his time being chiefly taken up while in health by other occupations, he acquired during his leisure hours, by his own unremitting exertions, a respectable classical education, although for the last five years of his life, he was constantly the victim of that harrowing disease the *Dyspepsy*. When quite a boy, he betrayed a great fondness for the muse, and employed many of his leisure hours in perpetrating rhymes, at which period a considerable number of the following poems were written; the remainder were written during the first years that he labored under

Dyspepsy, to *while* away the melancholy, which is always attendant of that disease; and were never intended to be arranged or published in this form. As his disorder increased, although his attention was unremitting to his studies, and his mind generally cheerful, still it lost that buoyant elasticity which in his earlier years, prompted him, in the language of his favorite Burns, to be "aye stringing blithers up in rhyme;" and during the last three years of his life, he scarcely wrote any thing. Although he was well aware that his disease was making constant ravage on his system, and he saw himself daily wasting away, and strangers in the streets gazing at his pale, emaciated form, as he glided by them, as at one escaped from the tombs, still he was never heard to murmur at his lot. But as if his cup of sorrow, was not full in seeing all his prospects of happiness and distinction in this world, "nip'd in the bud," and blighted by disease, he was doomed for the last nine months of his life to undergo a still keener affliction—to see a favorite Sister whom he worshipped as the apple of his eye, a charming and blooming girl of sixteen, struck with consumption, and wither away gradually before him like a flower nip'd by an untimely frost. In his attention to her sufferings, and attempts to restore her to health, he seemed absolutely to forget his own situation: he often declared he cared nothing for himself—that he courted death, but to see her wasting away hour by hour, with apparently more rapidity than himself, was absolute torture—his soul sickened at the thought. They continued thus wasting away, until it grew doubtful which of them would longest survive. A few days before their death, he conversed with her, in perfect calmness, and composure of their approaching dissolution; spoke of death as a momentary pain, which the afflicted should rather covet than fear; and that from the innocence of their past lives, he felt confident while they had nothing to fear, they had every thing to hope from an hereafter; they expired within an hour of each other, and were laid in the same grave. It is therefore hoped that as these poems were not published as specimens of the art, nor as models to elicit criticism, nor even as was said before to meet the public eye, that no person will be sacrilegious enough to cast on them a single glance of censure.

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Thought

Dark is the night wh
Heavy the vapors of
Weeping perhaps tha
Wounded by grief, in
Soul being naked, an
Shameless and thoug

God, thou may'st vie
Promise of plenty to
Or thou may'st scan
Blight and the milde
Still I may claim, wh
Kindred by breath an

First when this plane
Hung in thy balance
More in its being, to
Glory it could not, th
Take, what I humbly
Thousands of thanks

Grant, living God! th
Cleaving to reason m
Grant I may read by
Christ, in his glorious
What the harmonious
What the Apostles in
What we may know
Peace unto wisdom, a

POEMS.

Thoughts before Sleep.

Dark is the night when I stretch me to sleep,
Heavy the vapors of Heaven do weep—
Weeping perhaps that a mortal like me,
Wounded by grief, in adversity's sea,
Soul being naked, and heart being sear,
Shameless and thoughtless is slumbering here!

God, thou may'st view in the work of thy hand,
Promise of plenty to gladden the land,
Or thou may'st scan in the sleeper that's here,
Blight and the mildew of many a year—
Still I may claim, whatsoever I be,
Kindred by breath and by being with thee!

First when this planet was rolling away,
Hung in thy balance and ruled by thy sway,
More in its being, to blossom and shine,
Glory it could not, than I do in mine!
Take, what I humbly would tender to thee,
Thousands of thanks that I am what I be!

Grant, living God! that the meteor ray
Cleaving to reason may vanish away!
Grant I may read by the taper of Faith,
Christ, in his glorious conception and death;
What the harmonious Prophets did tell,
What the Apostles instructed so well,
What we may know by the teacher within,
Peace unto wisdom, and death unto sin!

Sweetens the nectar which softens away
 Every ungentle impression of day,
 Bids the contemplative spirit to boast
 Fulllest relief when it sorrows the most,
 E'en in the frenzy of dreaming adore,
 Wake and be darkened by tempests no more!

O! it is worthy the God that thou art!—
 Succor the humble, the perishing heart!
 Darkness descends, and the Heavens do weep,
 Strew on my pillow the poppies of sleep!

Clouds are around me thrown.

Clouds are around me thrown
 Darkness and wrath combine
 God of effulgence! restore my own!
 Lamp of the planets! rekindle mine!

Sol comes laughing and bright,
 Pregnant the morn and blest,
 Clouds of my bosom ye hold no light!
 Darkness! why sinkest thou not in the west?

Black is my palsied heart,
 God of the Earth and Sea!
 Wasting sorrow hath done its part
 Bid my spirit bound home to thee!

Lone on the mountain's height,
 Thick in the vale's increase,
 Nor with the Eagle is there delight,
 Nor with man in his cities, peace.

She, the song of my soul,
 All of my life but breath—
 Where is the eye that so fond could roll?
 Spirit!—O give me away to Death!

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 "Blow, ye
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 Falling, he

She lives in another heart,
 God of the Earth and Sea!
 Wasting sorrow hath done it's part,
 Bid my spirit bound home to thee!

Ossian's Ghost.

"Ridest thou still on the clouds,
 Son of the harp and the spear?
 Mists of the mountain, are they thy shrouds?
 Caves of the desert, thy dwellings drear?"

"Chasest thou shadowy roes
 Light o'er the land and the sea?
 Sing'st thou of Fingal, the death of foes,
 'Vina, the love of thy Oscar and thee?"

"Show me thy glimmering form,
 High on the skirts of the blast,
 Mingle the sea and the sky in storm,
 I can rejoice while the whirlwinds last!"

"Show me thine airy hall,
 Ossian, and that of thy sire;
 Hangs thy sweet harp on the waving wall?
 Strike it, O strike with thy wonted fire!"

Sounds came feeble and low,
 Soft joy kindled the strain;
 "Blow, ye rude blasts of my dwelling, blow,
 Ossian sees heroes and friends again.

"Dark were the days of my age,
 Fingal had pass'd away,
 Tempest arose I could not assuage,
 Morning would brighten to me no day.

"Dark were the days of my age,
 Oscar had fail'd in fight,
 Raging the battle, he roll'd in rage,
 Falling, he fell as a warrior might.

"Dark were the days of my age,
Foscar, thy fair was low!
White-arm'd Malvina had left her sage,
Who could enliven his days of woe?"

"Dark were the days of my age,
Charms untried appear'd,
Death shook his dart with a tyrant's rage,
Where was the weapon my youth had fear'd?"

"Darkness hath pass'd away,
Youth is renew'd in Death,
Fingal and Oscar receive my lay,
'Vina bestows on the Bard his wreath!"

Sounds came feeble and low,
Soft joy kindled the strain,
"Blow, ye rude blasts of my dwelling, blow,
Ossian sees heroes and friends again!"

**A Mother's Prayer to God over her Sleeping
Babe.**

God of the breathless night,
Graciously lend thine ear—
Father, thou'st lent me a cherub of light—
Father, the beautiful boy is dear!

Grant that his life may flow
Long as the world's first sire's!
Honour and love and renown bestow—
Spirit that conquers, and wit that fires!

Grant that his heart may be,
Ever unsullied as now;
Full of high wishes—their spring's in thee
Holy ambition—its aim art thou!

Misery, want, and woe,
Pillows of rank disease,
Bitter ingratitude's baleful flow—
Where is the mortal unscath'd by these?

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Pines most noble and tall,
 Quickest the blasts destroy;
 O that thy chastening hand would fall
 Tenderly on mine innocent boy!

When he must yield his breath,
 When he must taste his doom,
 Let him decay with a righteous death,
 Let him be laid in a sounding tomb!

Take from my full cup, joy,
 Darken the draught with care,
 But be kind to the trusting boy—
 O remember the Mother's prayer!

Monarch of Earth and Heaven!
 Mother and son shall be,
 One to the boy's high tutorage given—
 Both forever thereby to thee!

On the re-interment of the remains of Lieut.

William H. Allen.

[Lieut. Allen, who fell in the arms of victory in an expedition against the pirates of the Havanna, on the 8th of November, 1821, was originally interred at Matanzas. In 1827, his remains were removed under a resolution of the Congress of the United States to his native city, and were re-interred with appropriate funeral obsequies, on the 20th December. These obsequies were the occasion of the following fine stanzas.]

Welcome remains of the brave!
 Dust of the nobly dead!
 Kindred and friends have prepar'd thy grave,
 Soil of thy country shall rest thy head!

Mother receive thy son!
 Mother of sons renown'd!
 Open thy breast for his race is run,
 Shelter thy hero in holy ground!

Nobly he fell in war!
Savage were they who slew!
Give him the fame he has earned afar:
Citizens, once he was one of you!

Gather around his bier,
Long has he slept away!
Heave the fond sigh and renew the tear—
Here are his relics—but what are they?

Where is the much lov'd form?
Ill it becomes the pall—
Where is the spirit that rul'd the storm?
These are his relics, and are these all?

All!—but he lives in fame—
Bright is the warrior's praise!
Heroes acknowledge the hero's name—
Long was his life in a few brief days!

Mother! receive thy son!
Mother of sons renown'd—
Open thy breast for his race is run—
Shelter thy hero in holy ground!

Pleasant are Dreams of the Night.

Pleasant are dreams of the night,
Night, when the soul hath rest!
Day is too glaring and Sol is too bright
For the soft visions that rise in my breast.

Pure the delights that ye bring,
Spirits! who talk of my love!
Like the first gales of the loosening spring,
Which melt on the mountain and sigh in the grove.

She comes the young love of my soul,
She of the dark brown eye!
Bright as the white summer clouds when they roll,
Pure as the deep blue sky!

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Her hair hangs loose on the wind,
 Maid of the jet black hair !
 Her heart-striking eyes roll soft and kind,
 And things that 'twere madness to hope—are there !

‘Rise from the couch,’ she sings,
 ‘Thou of my choice arise !
 Life bids us welcome to all her springs,
 And pleasure has flowers of a thousand dyes !’

‘And I will arise my love,
 Theme of my earlier strain !’
 I rise—but she fades in the mist above—
 O, let me dream again !

Depressed Thoughts.

O life, O life, what owe I thee ?
 Disease hath stricken strength and glee,
 My thoughts have ceased, which once could be
 Such true delight :
 A smitten, prone and dying tree
 In early blight !

My heart is young—then why my heart
 This quenchless fire, this cureless smart ?
 O essence, tell me what thou art,
 O spirit deep,
 Which canst not bear a mortal's part,
 But yet must keep !

I've whispering heard there somewhere dwells
 In kingly halls, in hermit cells,
 In mountain heights, in humble dells,
 Such thing as rest,
 Beneath whose soft and dreamy spells
 The world is blest.

O yes, O yes, but I am one
 Those spells can never reach, I run

The form of him whose friendship fast
Was his, and her whose youthful fire,
In years long vanished, flitted past
Him, and he touched the ready lyre.

The ready lyre its numbers gave,
And thus I heard the language flow,
While every Cypress seemed to wave
In concert as it murmured low.

"There is no rest for mortal man,
His years are like the leafless tree;
And wintry winds pronounce their ban
To sinking nature and to me.

"Ye forms of days no more to be
As ye were once—till mem'ry dies
No more to perish—spirits free!
O come and joy my failing eyes:
For manhood there's a meteor bliss,
While scanning earth with eyes of fire,
But dim-eyed age has nought but this,
Your airy visits and my lyre.

"And ye shall come from yon fair sky,
That lyre shall greet each holy guest,
Until amid its notes I fly
Forever to your home of rest.
The clouds below the summer sun
In glaring noon are pale and dim,
But when his western course is run
They kindle as a part of him!"

He struck with swifter hand the strings—
And passed his spirit with the strain,
But still, the lyre forsaken sings
Its own last song again, again,
"O haste ye, haste, from yonder sky—
Conduct me where at rest ye dwell!
Ye beckon, and I fly, I fly—
Sweet lyre, sweet soother, fare thee well!"

Years have elapsed
Thy face has been
Since I beheld thee
Thou hast by thee

But wander no longer
Thy fate is mis-
When again thee
And comfort me

I know the hard lot
Thee from home
I know thou art
To render thy

I know that thy
As the tempest
I know thou art
God rais'd both

The storms of ad-
And threaten to
Think not that I
For thy very mis-

Wel

Thrice welcome
Thy kindred
A hearty wel-
Is all my wish
We have no
No dainty
But hearts as
By fond aff-

Thy track has
Since I be-
But now I ho-
Thy day of

To my Father.

Years have elapsed on the swift wing of time,
 Thy face has been tanned in a far southern zone,
 Since I beheld thee, through many a clime,
 Thou hast by the wind of misfortune been blown.

But wander no longer my father, I pray,
 Thy fate is misfortune on every sea,
 When again thee comes home be contented to stay,
 And comfort my mother who lives but for thee.

I know the hard hand of necessity drives
 Thee from home, with reluctance to traverse the main,
 I know thou art unhappy until thee arrives,
 To render thy family happy again.

I know that thy prospect ahead is the same,
 As the tempest tost sailor whose ship can scarce swim.
 I know thou art equally free from all blame,
 God rais'd both the gale for thyself and for him.

The storms of adversity ceaseless arise,
 And threaten to wreck thee on poverty's shore,
 Think not that I will, tho' the world should despise,
 For thy very misfortune's I love thee the more.

Welcome to my Father.

Thrice welcome to thy native shore,
 Thy kindred and thy friends!
 A hearty welcome, and no more,
 Is all my verse extends.
 We have no wealth to count for thee,
 No dainty feasts to spread,
 But hearts as warm as hearts can be,
 By fond affection led.

Thy track has been a checker'd one,
 Since I beheld thee last,
 But now I hope thy toil is done,
 Thy day of trouble past;

I hope that thou wilt leave the seas—
 With roving satisfied,
 And let thine age enjoy the ease,
 That vigorous youth denied.

Full often has my restless thought,
 Imagin'd thou wert lost;
 Distress'd by seas, convulsive wrought,
 By raging tempest tost,
 Or stranded on some lonely Isle,
 A prey to gaunt despair,
 Where nature never wears a smile
 For those imprison'd there!

But now they all have proved the dreams
 Of fancy's idle sleep,
 With which each youthful spirit teems
 That guardian muses keep—
 I bid thee welcome back again
 A loved and valued guest!
 And bless the still propitious main,
 That we again are blest.

February, 1827.

Tho' Youthful, yet still in the Sight.

Tho' youthful, yet still in the sight
 That memory takes of the past,
 There's a world of unsullied delight,
 Enjoyment that always will last;
 The pleasures themselves will deceive,
 E'en while we are draining the cup,
 But memory brings the reprieve
 And faithfully treasures them up.
 I sigh, but think ye it bears,
 The bitterness e'en of a sigh?
 It points the delight that it shares,
 It deepens the cast of the dye;
 I weep, but think ye the tears,
 Are sorrow's, or shame's, or remorse's?
 The friend of my earlier years,
 Has escaped from the world and its crosses,

I mourn, and yet
 'Tis the keenest
 O'er the fair one
 And shall press

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O God! behold t
 O Saviour! quen
 O Holy Ghost! t
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O fiendish faith! O
 Behold thy work a
 For this did man's
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I mourn, and ye comforts depart!
 'Tis the keenest delight that is given,
 O'er the fair one I press'd to my heart,
 And shall press not again but in heaven.

The Religious Maniac.

O God! behold thy vot'ress bow!
 O Saviour! quench the sufferer's woe,
 O Holy Ghost! thy grace bestow,
 For she hath given,
 This fair world's love and reason's glow
 'To doubts of Heaven!

She wanders far from sounds of mirth,
 She spurns the enticing ties of Earth,
 She seals with an eternal dearth
 The springs of youth,
 And deems its sweet fruit nothing worth,
 Though crown'd by truth.

Her home, is God's own dwelling-place,
 The footstool of his throne of Grace;
 Yet with sad thought and steadfast face,
 She kneels therein,
 And calls her spotless life, disgrace,
 Her pure thoughts, sin!

She sees some Milton's awful hell,
 She hears an endless death-toll knell,
 For every fated soul that fell
 In Adam's train—
 And living scorpions hiss and swell,
 In her wild brain!

O fiendish faith! O gloomy creed!
 Behold thy work and quake indeed!
 For this did man's Redeemer bleed
 On Jewry's hill?
 And for such havoc does he plead,
 Redeemer still?

Reverest thou the God of love,
 Poor wild one? cast thine eyes above,
 Let HIM those misjudged fears remove:
 On Bethl'em's Prince
 Descended first the pardoning Dove,
 On all men since.

A Father's fondness gilds his wing,
 And such "glad tidings" doth he sing;
 "Salvation, Heaven's Eternal King
 Would scorn to give
 Conditioned—all have drank his spring,
 And all shall LIVE."

The Sun and Sage.

SAGE.

What hast thou seen last night, bright sun?
 Where hast been, to what worlds below?
 Tell me thy secrets; for I am one
 Much it delighteth those things to know.

SUN.

I have been far o'er the coraled sea,
 I have been far o'er the pearl-sown west,
 I have seen many with forms like thee,
 None that have dared this strange request.

Half of my secrets should I reveal,
 More thou wouldst know than mortal man;
 More than the telescope e'er can steal,
 More than the voyager's keen eye scan.

When thou art changed from flesh to soul,
 Lifted from man a God to be,
 Thou mayest see why we shine and roll,
 Earthly one! ask no more of me.

SAGE.

But I would ask of thee, fair sun,
 Where we shall rest those things to learn?

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Verses inser

O thou, whoe'e
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 With red-eye
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But when at last
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Where is that orb, that steadfast one,
Whence can be seen all orbs that burn?

SUN.

Casuist, cast thine eyes below,

Why is that pebble, which thou dost see,
Rounded and formed and *how* made so?
Silent?—then ask no more of me.

Verses inscribed on the Minstrel's Tomb.

O thou, whoe'er thou art, that wanders by
The humble hillock of a child of song,
Let not scorn triumph in thy lofty eye,
Nor reckless folly do a brother wrong.

Thou seest his home beneath the valley's pride,
This cedar towering with the tallest crest,
That valley where he lived, and loved, and died,
This long, long home where now he takes his rest.

O much he labored with the woes of earth,
Dark, drear and doubtful was his heavy way;
He wedded sorrow on his day of birth,
He kiss'd deliverance on his mortal day.

O son of Health! he loved this glowing life,
And dreamt of death as careless e'en as thou;
He thought, as summer birds of winter's strife,
Of life's last tempest, he has weathered now.

But then at times, what awful watch he kept,
With red-eyed horror as the tyrant past!
And then full oft he sat him down and wept,
Beneath the burden or before the blast.

But when at last the awful hour was nigh,
And death's full quiver gave it's shaft for him,
Ecstatic transport kindled in his eye,
And all but God and Heaven looked pale and dim.

Go, fellow mortal, while 'tis giv'n to thee
 To play delighted on thy mother's breast—
 Thy mother Earth—whose bowels soon shall be
 The awful chambers of a calmer rest.

He lived and died—go, son of rapid days,
 And think full oft where'er thou wanders wide,
 That all his hist'ry of blame or praise,
 Of good or evil is—He lived and died.

He was no stranger to the sounding lyre,
 But woke its chords with unobtrusive hand,
 Nor pale obscurity repressed his fire,
 Nor bare-boned envy shook her flaming brand.

His tranquil soul could with the blasts compete,
 No more than zephyr with the west wind's wing;
 His last asylum was his winding sheet,
 His undisputed theme—pale Death to sing.

And now he sings him, other spheres above,
 Above the fires thou see'st at fall of day,
 The radiant minister of boundless love,
 The glowing usher to an endless day.

On the death of Frances Cory,

Who died with the yellow fever, in New-York, shortly after
 her marriage, her husband being at sea at the time.

Oh! drop a pitying tear for one
 Who bid this life adieu,
 When she its journey had begun
 With ardor to pursue;
 And joy seemed settling on her life,
 A happy husband's happy wife.

Behold the crowded city sends
 Her commerce far and near;
 Mankind throughout the world her friends,
 She has no foes to fear;
 Her seamen beat the ocean o'er,
 And visit India's farthest shore.

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Thus floating on in plenty's tide,
 Her enterprise its source,
 Nothing presents to turn aside
 "The river from its course,"
 Till heaven beheld, with eyesight true,
 That punishment, alas! was due.

For lo! a chastening scourge is sent,
 An unexpected foe,
 And now the voice of sweet content
 Is changed for that of woe.
 And hundreds each returning day,
 Are mingled with their kindred clay.

The growing troubles thicken round,
 As thick the sick ones lie;
 At length enough are hardly found
 To bury those that die—
 And every house, yea, every room
 Is substituted for a tomb.

In this dread season, and alone,
 The wretched Fanny dies,
 Her house resounds with many a groan,
 That mingles with the cries
 Of other wretches, who like her
 Are punished, for the ones that err:

What muse the husband's grief can tell,
 Returning from the main?
 He sought where Fanny used to dwell,
 Alas! he sought in vain.
 Or only sought, the change to know
 From heaven above to hell below.

Full many pass this life away,
 Unheeded and unknown,
 Their hearts to misery's shafts a prey,
 Who marks them for her own,
 Till they like this ill fated pair
 Are dead and gone—the Lord knows where.

To the Boston Bard.

Sav, minstrel, has the ruthless dart
 By dire consumption sent,
 Found means to pierce thy hapless heart,
 So oft and sadly rent?

If deep, the muses loss we mourn,
 The minstrel's useless lyre;
 With cords dissever'd, numbers torn,
 In manhood's fiercest fire.

But hark! her guardian spirit cries,
 "Columbia's bard rejoice,
 Thy notes in sweeter strains shall rise,
 Thy genius and thy voice.

"For ne'er shall fell diseases break
 The Poet's lofty soul,
 When ready higher flights to take,
 And richer numbers roll."

March 30, 1826.

On the death of Ebenezer Comstock.

Written when 13 years of age.

He's gone where there's no heat nor cold,
 There is no silver there, nor gold,
 No human passions rise;
 Yes he has took his rapid flight,
 Up to the realms of shining light,
 Built far above the skies.

Dry up your tears, thou widowed wife,
 Dear children don't lament his life,
 Remember God is kind,
 Sing praises unto Christ in strains,
 Who gave his blood to wash our stains,
 And never once repin'd.

This world is form'd a vale of wo,
 Hard trials, tribulations too,
 For every one abound,

A spirit meek
 And patience
 A virtue rare
 Then don't re
 All must retu
 And be cov
 Dry up your
 Dear childre
 But trust

Child

Dear scenes of m
 My fancy cont
 When spring's g
 The rose's deep
 And Robin's s

My dreams ther
 Intruded a tro
 And fondly I cou
 Or change to enj
 Advancing the

But so it was no
 For pleasure v
 By workings of
 It darts like a m
 O'erwhelmed

Through sweet v
 Delighted I w
 And careless if
 Where songsters
 The list'ner as

At length down
 The lighter of
 And mantles of
 Where lately I
 Whose darkn

A spirit meek each stroke to bare
And patience studded forth with care,
A virtue rarely found.

Then don't repine since God is just,
All must return to kindred dust,
And be covered with the sod,
Dry up your tears ye widowed wife,
Dear children don't lament his life,
But trust a powerful God.

Childhood and Manhood.

Dear scenes of my childhood, 'tis only with you
My fancy contented can rove,
When spring's genial hours returning renew
The rose's deep scarlet and lily's soft blue,
And Robin's sweet notes in the grove.

My dreams there, were pleasure, nor sorrow, nor pain
Intruded a troublesome guest;
And fondly I counted still fond to remain,
Or change to enjoy, or alter to gain,
Advancing the more to be blest.

But so it was not, the reverse was my lot,
For pleasure with childhood will fly;
By workings of ignorant fancy begot,
It darts like a meteor by accident shot,
O'erwhelmed in the gloom of the sky.

Through sweet waving meadows and vallies of shade
Delighted I wandered my way;
And careless if upward or downward the glade,
Where songsters were warbling I list'ning stray'd,
The list'ner as happy as they.

At length down the deep glowing skies of the west
The lighter of Planets retires,
And mantles of darkness those vallies invest,
Where lately I lingered a joy-burden'd guest,
Whose darkness no rapture inspires.

Thus childhood is likened to scenes of the morn,
 When nature is shining and fair;
 And manhood—to evening, when twilight has gone
 And Luna has risen with pale-lighted horn
 And gloomy,—the emblem of care.

April 23, 1826.

Thoughts on Spring.

'Tis the lovely voice of spring
 Calls the songsters and the bees;
 Those, her celebration sing,
 Hum her pleasing murmurs these;
 'Tis the season of rapturous delight:
 It is now that what is past
 Memory gathers thick and fast,
 Joy to heighten, grief to blast
 To the sight.

Autumn thou art sweet and fair,
 With thy many colour'd groves,
 And thou hast a something there
 That my spirit always loves,
 But the thought of what must follow is severe,
 Stern winter's frosts and snows,
 Are the crowning and the close,
 Which a gloomy shadow throws
 On the year.

But Spring has no alloy
 Of so shriveling a cast,
 And we feel at once the joy
 Doubly heighten'd by the past—
 Green fields and vocal groves lift the soul;
 Then, O Time, the thought congeals
 What my rising bosom feels,
 That thy rapid-going wheels
 Still must roll.

We have none to give command
 Like the Israelite of old,

Else no summer
 Neither winter
 Spring and Autumn
 Then no fear
 Man on man
 And the heaven
 Ne'er again.

But it never
 And be so it
 Devastation,
 Are the satel
 And his brea
 Now and the
 Pleasure fans
 Then bequea
 As she leave

May 13, 1826.

Lines on em

Placid
 Now
 As return
 Deep
 Reveren
 Work
 Mingles
 Love

Thy rom
 Banks
 Waken
 Thee,
 But my
 As I
 That the
 Of the
 Mostly
 That

Else no summer should the land,
 Neither winter's gloom, behold ;
 Spring and Autumn wedded constantly should reign,
 Then no fearful storms should break—
 Man on man no warfare make,
 And the heaving earth should quake
 Ne'er again.

But it never has been so—
 And be so it never can,
 Devastation, death and woe
 Are the satelites of man,—
 And his breast stormy passion ever heaves ;
 Now and then like days of spring
 Pleasure fans him with her wing
 Then bequeaths a double sting
 As she leaves.

May 13, 1826.

**Lines on entering the Hudson in the Autumn
 of 1826.**

Placid Hudson, in surveying
 Now again thy scenery,
 As return'd from idle straying,
 Deep respect impresses me ;
 Reverence due to the majestic
 Work of playful nature's hand ;
 Mingles with the warm domestic
 Love of home and native land.

Thy romantic fertilizing
 Banks of cedar, oak and pine
 Waken pride in recognizing
 Thee, the home of me and mine ;
 But my pride is more elated,
 As I eye thy gentle wave,
 That the home is contemplated
 Of the hardy, of the brave ;
 Mostly am I proud, however,
 That it appertains to thee,

To have borders, noble River,
Peopled by a nation free.

Nor alone upon thy shores—
Freemen flourish far and wide,
E'en from where Atlantic roars
To Pacific's sullen tide :
What a blessing Heaven hath lent ye
Freemen, O improve the lease !
In your habitations—Plenty,
With your fellow mortals—Peace.

To Nancy.

Thy fair image floats before me,
Thy dark rolling eyeballs glare ;
Scenes of other days come o'er me
Happier than when happy there ;
For the thoughts of joys departed,
Varnish and exalt those joys :
Phantoms of the brain have started
Pleasures oft, which sense destroys.

I remember all thy glances,
Shot electric thro' my nerves ;
All thy sportive, gay advances,
All thy thoughtful, coy reserves ;
Every gesture, air and motion
Forming one enchanting whole,—
Bowing down in fond devotion
Prone and prostrate, heart and soul.

Bear me O ye wings of fancy
To our sylvan scenes again,
Where the smiles and frowns of Nancy
Now would license, now restrain ;
Let me hear her songs repeated
Sighing thro' the cooling shade,
How the lover oft was cheated
How forsaken oft, the maid.

Then those vows
Passion's mus
When my heart
Nancy, at the
All—'tis memor
All the pains
Pains that pleas
Pleasures fou
August, 1826.

Ode

O why should I
A darker sco
Who never did
Nor bend to
Why can she r
Whate'er I've
With soul-en
Nor bend me 'n
That breaks the

Proud Fortune
And feelings
And now the c
Now one of
Fell'st prostrat
And raisest to
The mean of
To sport awhile
Then feel in tu

Thou trifling a
Who liv'st in
Ideal pleasures
And take the
Who can defin
Thy beauty or
And seen, w
'Tis fickleness
Now wide exp

Then those vows in transport utter'd
 Passion's music, lover's glee,
 When my heart was heav'd and flutter'd,
 Nancy, at the thoughts of thee ;
 All—'tis memory's task to feel them,
 All the pains and pleasures known,
 Pains that pleas'd, with thee to heal them,
 Pleasures found, with thee alone.

August, 1826.

Ode to Fortune.

O why should Fortune's visage wear
 A darker scowl for me ?
 Who never did her anger dare,
 Nor bend to her the knee ;
 Why can she not propitious view,
 Whate'er I've done, whate'er I do,
 With soul-enlivening ee ?
 Nor bend me 'neath a galling yoke,
 That breaks the spirit ere 'tis broke.

Proud Fortune ! thou with mortal's hopes
 And feelings, hold'st thy sport,
 And now the drooping spirit prop'st,
 Now one of haughty 'port
 Fell'st prostrate with a reckless hand,
 And raisest to thy chosen stand,
 The mean of meanest sort ;
 To sport awhile his rise of wheel,
 Then feel in turn what others feel.

Thou trifling and thou changeful thing !
 Who liv'st in minds of men,
 Ideal pleasures wilt thou bring,
 And take them back again ;
 Who can define thee ? who can see
 Thy beauty or deformity ?
 And seen, who love thee then ?
 'Tis fickleness that stamps thy brow,
 Now wide expanded, frowning now.

I ne'er will follow, court thee ne'er
 A suppliant at thy shrine;
 Betray no signs of joy or fear
 Like votaries such as thine;
 I covet not thy shining stores,
 From eastern or from western shores,
 Above, beneath the line—
 What are they but a heap of dross,
 Whose gift is fatal and whose loss?

Then turn thy Gipsy eyes from me
 Thou monster of deceit;
 Though dazzling they and vain may be,
 And most may love the cheat;
 They steal on us with borrow'd glare,
 That hope exalts and lessens care,
 And then again retreat:
 An Ignus Fatuus of the mind
 That dances to perplex and blind.

And with her favors, men receive
 Proportion due of lust,
 What once as all they pray'd her give,
 Possess'd they treat as dust;
 And then more fiercely still aspire,
 Which still she meets with more desire,
 Then quits them in disgust:
 Wrought to ambition's highest height,
 She sports their downfall, scorns their plight.

June 24, 1826.

Stanzas.

How dear is the couch to the victim of sorrow,
 (That deep searching canker, that death biting snake);
 He revels in darkness and dreads the bright morrow—
 To witness those pleasures he cannot partake.

His breast is deep wounded, each night makes it deeper,
 To the couch he retires to brood o'er his woes,
 And alas! the reverse of the light-hearted sleeper,
 He hugs tribulation instead of repose.

He feels no sensations
 No guilt racks his conscience
 But he has been injured
 To feel the close pinch

Yet still does he struggle
 No friend but religion
 And often by turns, w
 Pour down as he mus

How cruel by careless
 How oft are his wound
 By none is he welcom
 Till Angels enrobe hi

March 15, 1826.

Death

In Major Long's Na
 the Missouri, there is
 Sapa, which signifies
 cataract of the Fall's o
 It has recently found i
 published in a late num
 stanzas were suggested

St. Anthony roars th
 The beach throws
 Screams shrilly the b
 And Ampato Sapa

Her offspring uncon
 The current sucks
 Forbear—'tis too lat
 And aye swells ho

"Decotah! thy form
 Thy straight jetty
 Thy features were m
 Severe as a Proph

"Thou camest to m
 The pass-words o

He feels no sensations o'er injuries given,
No guilt racks his conscience or heaves it with pain;
But he has been injured, afflicted and driven,
To feel the close pinches of poverty's train.

Yet still does he struggle to stem the deep current,
No friend but religion, no light but her rays;—
And often by turns, will the tears in a torrent
Pour down as he muses, and dry as he prays.

How cruel by careless mankind is he treated,
How oft are his wounds and his agonies prob'd;
By none is he welcom'd, encouraged, or greeted,
Till Angels enrobe him as Angels are rob'd.

March 15, 1826.

Death of Ampato Sapa.

In Major Long's Narrative of the Second Expedition up the Missouri, there is an account of the death of Ampato Sapa, which signifies *the dark day*, who perished in the cataract of the Fall's of St. Anthony with her two children. It has recently found its way into the public papers, and was published in a late number of the Repository. The following stanzas were suggested by a perusal of this interesting extract:

St. Anthony roars through the leaf covered glen,

The beach throws his arms to the breezes that woo,

Screams shrilly the black bird, sings softly the wren,

And Ampato Sapa is in her Canoe!

Her offspring unconscious rejoice on her knee—

The current sucks swift as her frantic sire calls—

Forbear—'tis too late for a thousand like thee!

And aye swells her song with the roar of the falls:

"Decotah! thy form was the pine of the grove,

Thy straight jetty locks like the wings of the crow,

Thy features were noble when lighted with love,

Severe as a Prophet's when bent on the foe.

"Thou camest to me with the bow of thy sires,

The pass-words of love and the badges of war,

Thy tongue was a brand at our national fires,
Thy name was acknowledged by warriors afar.

"Smiles lit up thy cheek, when thou camest to me,
And thy voice was a song in thine Ampato's ear:
'I'm lonely there's room in my wigwam for thee,
I'm a hunter and none to rejoice in my deer.

"O come for our lodges are spacious, *Dark Day!*
'O come for men say that our fathers were brave—
'We go on the war path as distant as they,'
And I came—River Spirits, scoop low my grave!

"Prepare ye the way! to your bowers I come
Where ye live, happy souls, as the wise ones say!
My heart is forsaken, my love notes dumb,
And my bark on the waters—prepare ye the way!

"O fair were the days when our love had its spring,
And light were thy steps from the chase of the roe—
Returning, each vulturous sorrow took wing,
Departing, my heart was a cavern of woe!

"Preserve him, ye spirits of Prophets,' I cried,
When he went on the path of the warrior away,
'For great is his prowess and lov'd is his bride,
'But dearer himself to his lonely *Dark Day!*'

"How bright was the plain when *he* wander'd it free!
How lovely the mountain whose summit *he* rose,
And how sweet the deep shade of our lov'd old tree,
When my dark-brown warrior enjoy'd his repose!

"Sing sooth in my ear, the Decotah would say,
Sing sooth of my deeds, when the hatchet was high;
And I answer'd the Chieftain in song—but the lay
Would echo no music, save love's sweet sigh!

"But he spurn'd the dark maiden!—and deeper the roar
Of the torrent approaches—look up sweet flowers!
On the blue summer skies that I lov'd before,
On the grass cover'd banks, while the sight is ours!

"Farewell sire and kind
Ye cataract spirits sc
From the wreck of the v
From the wreck of ou

* * *

And they say at the spr
In the sweet morning
Like the voice of a mai
Like the muse of an

March 15, 1828.

How still th

How still the lapse of t
Is wafting us along wit
Unwearing in its cours
Our journey to an end.
And glowing hopes, and
Of life, shall vanish like

All things are fleeting b
Sweeps o'er them, and
Can brave the mighty
Her pyramids in vain.
Of power, and grandeur
What are they now? A

What are the joys of e
That shed a flash of sun
But soon a cloud of sor
And turns the smile to
Their sable folds, in da
And all our joys in wil

Can this dark world of
Yield ought to satisfy
No:—nought but hope
Of pure and lasting hap
The olive wreath of pe
Around the furrowed b

August 14, 1830.

" Farewell sire and kindred and home—we must go!
 Ye cataract spirits scoop low the wet sod!
 From the wreck of the waters survives yon bow,
 From the wreck of our bodies O take us, God!"

* * * * *

And they say at the sprout and the fall of the leaf,
 In the sweet morning hour there are notes from above,
 Like the voice of a maiden, whose theme is grief,
 Like the muse of an Angel, whose song is love!

March 15, 1828.

How still the Lapse of Time!

How still the lapse of time!—Its silent wing,
 Is wafting us along with ceaseless flight,
 Unwearied in its course; and soon will bring
 Our journey to an end.—Then all the bright,
 And glowing hopes, and visionary schemes
 Of life, shall vanish like our midnight dreams.—

All things are fleeting here.—The rush of years
 Sweeps o'er them, and where are they? nought on earth
 Can brave the mighty current.—Egypt rears
 Her pyramids in vain.—The scenes of mirth,
 Of power, and grandeur, olden time could boast,
 What are they now? A desert waste at most.—

What are the joys of earth?—Mere passing gleams,
 That shed a flash of sunshine o'er the soul:
 But soon a cloud of sorrow intervenes,
 And turns the smile to sadness.—Troubles roll
 Their sable folds, in darkness o'er the sky:
 And all our joys in wild disorder fly.—

Can this dark world of trouble, and of strife,
 Yield ought to satisfy the freeborn mind?
 No:—nought but hope of an immortal life,
 Of pure and lasting happiness, can bind
 The olive wreath of peace, a garland fair,
 Around the furrowed brow, grooved by the hand of care.

August 14, 1830.

On a Winter's Robin.

One pleasant day a Robin's cage
Hung high, to let the sun assuage,
His sufferings from the numbing rage

Of wintry blast:
And much his chirping did presage
Those horrors past.

But soon his room its tenant kept;
The winds had sprung from where they slept,
Again the shrinking earth was swept,

By sleet and snow;
Stern winter harden'd step by step,
And Robin's woe.

Alas! thou bird, like hoary man,
Thy race, among thy race, is ran:

A later spring will have began,
For songster's late,

But not for thee—so end thy span,
And join thy mate.

E'en thus on mankind as they rise,
Old age a useless burden lies;

His mates, long since, to yonder skies,
All pass'd away;

While nought but strangers meet his eyes,
Who chide his stay.

February 26, 1826.

Address to the Sun.

Sun! thou'rt coming to startle from sleep,
Many poor sons of the wandering earth,

Who the dark season of Morpheus keep
Darker in treachery, madness and mirth.

Vainly Aurora is met by her spouse
Nature and vision entranced in the glee—

Night and security call to carouse,
What do they reckon of Aurora and thee?

Lavish, ye pitiful
Hours I give thee
And when I hasten
Stupid and cold

Sun! if thy light
Thence of the
O, when thy lam
Let me encha

"To make a w
Of which the
Or good, or bad
Or by what p
A mass, prest, c
One whole com

A good man no
But rare as f
Howe'er, the w
Excluding g
Like diamonds
The precious c

Some full of di
With words
Who feign you
E'en friends
Whose mouths
'Tis all a dead

With count'na
Behold the r
And how he d
That crown
He fancies me
Dealt by a just

Lavish, ye pitiful dupes of the night,
Hours I give to the truest repose,
And when I hasten to welcome the light,
Stupid and comfortless, linger and doze!

Sun! if thy light is the fountain of wit,
Thence of the streams of felicity,
O, when thy lamp is the earliest lit,
Let me enchain my Spirit with thee!

The World.

"To make a world it takes each kind
Of which the world is made;"
Or good, or bad, whate'er we find,
Or by what passions swayed:—
A mass, prest, chaos'd, huddled, hurl'd—
One whole complete "to make a world."

A good man now and then we meet,
But rare as fleetest comet;
Howe'er, the whole were not complete,
Excluding good men from it:
Like diamonds in a heap of clay,
The precious composition they.

Some full of dire deceit we view,
With words of fatal cast;
Who feign you friendship fair and true,
E'en friendship's self to blast;
Whose mouths drop honey, but beware!
'Tis all a deadly poison there.

With count'nance dark, and reigning gloom,
Behold the man of crime!
And how he dreads the awful doom,
That crowns the close of time;
He fancies meet rewards await,
Dealt by a just Creator's hate.

Fair cheek and fiery eye are theirs
 In youth's delightful prime,
 Unconscious what the world prepares
 Of woe in after time;
 Then linger youth, for there alone
 The blest deceit of life is known.

Behold old age with hoary head
 And full experience nice;
 Through life's eccentric mazes led
 By virtue, or by vice:
 If virtue—mark his placid eye,
 If vice—its dark malicious dye.

But other objects strike our eyes—
 The world is all in view;—
 See where the reigning folly lies,
 Devoted wights pursue:
 Detected in their flowing bowls,
 The body's poison, and the soul's.

Their families that should be to them
 The havens of their bliss,
 To want and sorrow, they condemn
 A sacrifice for this;
 Their children and their injured wives,
 The plague spots of their wretched lives.

Ah! many a parent seeks the grave,
 A refuge from despair;
 The son, that should have died to save,
 Has ruthless laid him there:
 And many a widow'd wife is left
 E'en better than before bereft.

But turn my muse, too foul the theme—
 Too fallen to be sung;
 Ah! would it were a poet's dream,
 That moves the poet's tongue:
 But if the dread survey ye take,
 Alas! ye find him wide awake.

Sing praises to thee
 His kindred's
 If it is in thy power
 His form with
 For eyes celestia
 That likeness in

Joy tends him a
 To give to lif
 And when on ea
 He calmly si
 No tears are fei
 But all from inn

I love the man
 To sacred fri
 Whose heart di
 Of selfishness
 Who counts no
 An effort to obl

With such a co
 The whirlpoo
 Nor share the f
 Nor quite for
 For friendship
 And renders jo

January 26, 1826.

Written in an A

I found it, 'twas I
 No owner or bo
 And I thought I w
 A moment by s

Who owns it, a m
 A husband or w
 I know not, but, C
 Of every sojour

Sing praises to the Temp'rate man,
 His kindred's hope and prize ;
 If it is in thy power to scan
 His form with mortal eyes ;
 For eyes celestial scarce can trace,
 That likeness in the present race.

Joy tends him as a waiting maid
 To give to life the zest,
 And when on earth his debt is paid,
 He calmly sinks to rest ;
 No tears are feigned, nor forms of woe,
 But all from innate sorrow flow.

I love the man of gen'rous soul
 To sacred friendship dear,
 Whose heart disdains the base control
 Of selfishness or fear ;
 Who counts not hardships that attend
 An effort to oblige a friend.

With such a comrade let me pass
 The whirlpool in its force ;
 Nor share the follies of the mass,
 Nor quite forsake its course ;
 For friendship blunts its every ill,
 And renders joys, more joyful still.

January 26, 1826.

Impromptu,

Written in an Album found accidentally alone.

I found it, 'twas lying alone,
 No owner or borrower near,
 And I thought I would render this corner my own
 A moment by scribbling here.

Who owns it, a maid or a wife,
 A husband or warm-blushing beau ;
 I know not, but, O, 'tis a type of the life
 Of every sojourner below !

The Mountain Cataract.

There is a chasm 'tween two mighty hills,
Where Catskill's mountains rear their shaggy tops,
Where foams a torrent fed by many rills,
And limpid pools, secure in shady copse—
Where strangers stand and gaze by means of props,
With heads all dizzy, on the rocks below
Worn polished by the ceaseless water drops,
Which foaming kindle into drops of snow,
But, fall'n, regain their speed and color, dark and slow.

Beneath, like carpets of the richest hue,
On either side the foliage slopes away,
And tops of forests to the lofty view
Appear like meadows ripening into hay,
Where sports the sun-beam with the softest ray
And mellowest, mellowed o'er the mountain's height,
Creating rainbows of the rising spray,
When westward sinking, chased by sable night,
Which glitter there awhile, then fade, as fades the light.

Stupendous relic of convulsive earth!
When floods abating left thee what thou art,
And eddying waters gave thy channel birth,
To raise our wonder and to strain the heart!
For who can view thee free from coward start—
Who, without shrinking tread thy margin near,
When one false step would sever wide apart,
The earth from him—e'en on her bosom drear,
A marble bed below, where waters wild career?

Alone thou hast been, since on Arrarat
The Ark of safety landed Noah safe;

* * * * *

Thou Gulf! which seem'st some ancient giant's grave,
Where one-eyed Cyclop might have made his lair,
With mountain torrent o'er his hulk to lave
And wear him piecemeal as the mountains wear,
Unnoted save by eye of careless Indian there.

But men begin to tread
And court thy presences
As oft as Winter winds
Beneath the influence
And listen to thy war
And carve their names
A kind of far fetch'd
Till quaking Nature
And mountains melt a

'Tis admiration fills
When gazing on wh
But awe and rever
Of Nature's prodig
Not least among the
Here calm Reflectio
And paints far back
And Earth was not
And darkness brooded

June 20, 1826.

An Add

Supposed to have been
previous to the general i

Beautiful sun, all hail
Wild has the night
Dismal and lone was t
Soft and serene is th

Havoc there has been,
Swift gliding ships
But the dark whirlwin
Sun! thou returnest

Havoc there has been—
India's plantations
Dark eye'd Creolians
Phœbus thou wakes

But men begin to tread thy awful brow,
 And court thy presence with the curious eye,
 As oft as Winter will a chance allow,
 Beneath the influence of a Summer sky,
 And listen to thy water's deafening cry,
 And carve their names upon the solid rock—
 A kind of far fetch'd immortality,
 'Till quaking Nature owns the final shock,
 And mountains melt away, creation's very mock.

'Tis admiration fills the breast of man
 When gazing on what mighty art has done;
 But awe and reverence mingle in the scan
 Of Nature's prodigies, and this is one
 Not least among them all beneath the sun:
 Here calm Reflection shakes her cooling wing,
 And paints far back where time his race begun,
 And Earth was nothing, or a shapeless thing,
 And darkness brooded where now spacious planets swing.

June 20, 1826.

An Address to Phœbus.

Supposed to have been written on the morning of the day
 previous to the general insurrection in St. Domingo.

Beautiful sun, all hail to thee, hail!
 Wild has the night been, but bright is the dawn;
 Dismal and lone was the storm spirit's wail—
 Soft and serene is the breath of the morn.

Havoc there has been, which thou hast not seen—
 Swift gliding ships seemed the billows to spurn,
 But the dark whirlwind has risen between—
 Sun! thou returnest—they ne'er will return.

Havoc there has been—the whirlwind has swept
 India's plantations of coffee and cane;
 Dark eye'd Creolians confidently slept—
 Phœbus thou wakest—they wake not again!

Deeds of perdition have budded and blown—
 Like the fell night-shade, too deadly for day—
 Seeds have been scattered and thistles are sown,
 Which to be ripen'd, Sol, need not thy ray.

Fair is creation, when glowing with thee,
 Joyous her look like the face of the bride;
 Desperate deeds of the wickedly free,
 Luna must witness, or darkness must hide.

Linger, O linger, Sun! Stay thee, O stay!
 Quell with thy presence, subdue with thy light!
 Gentle is man in the blaze of the day,
 Fearful and dark are the deeds of the night.

Hayti arises—the Whiteman is low—
 Vengeance is arming, and Africa raves:
 Fell is the reck'ning the morrow will show—
 Power and dominion exerted by slaves.

Justice is wither'd, and mercy is wild;
 Age is confounded, and youth is dismay'd:
 Frantic the mother envelopes her child;
 Desperate the lover will die with the maid.

Linger, O linger, Sun! Stay thee, O stay,
 Quell with thy presence, subdue with thy light!
 Gentle is man in the blaze of the day,
 Fearful and dark are the deeds of the night.

September 18, 1827.

The Morning Star.

The wind wildly whistles
 The cedars among,
 It comes from the region
 Of warfare and song,
 It sweeps the wide Ocean,
 It tumbles the wave,
 And lays the poor seaman
 Full low in his grave.

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I stood, with
 Beside the f
 And Death,

And many o

And some d
 From dark
 Or Europe?

And call'd,

It flies with the darkness,
 It rides on the cloud—
 The blast of the morning
 Is dreadful and loud ;
 It passes forever
 To continents far,
 And lo ! I distinguish
 The ushering star !

O such was the darkness,
 Such was the blast,
 That, over poor mortals,
 Their ignorance cast,
 When high was that signal
 Display'd in the morn,
 To tell the bewilder'd
 His Saviour was born !

And later, still later,
 Immortals are blest,
 The star of the Eastward
 Appears in the West !
 It calls and it beckons,
 The wanderer flies,
 Where Liberty triumphs
 And Tyranny dies.

The Fountains.

I stood, with thought and brow unbent,
 Beside the fount of Discontent
 And Death, whose poisoning pools were sent
 From Indian Isles ;
 And many came, and many went,
 But all with smiles.

And some did call for rosy wine
 From dark men's presses, south the line
 Or Europe's low-land liquors fine,
 And some loud laugh'd,
 And call'd, my native land, for thine,
 And deep they quaff'd.

O! with what haste they sought the well!
 And they were thousands—who could tell
 Columbia's many sons! what spell
 Still urged their speed!
 They came, they deeply drank, they fell,
 And none did heed!

O they were happy as they sank
 Low on the sod—for earth was blank
 And care and sorrow's chains did clank
 O'er them no more—
 And when, anon, they wak'd, they drank,
 E'en as before!

But great was my surprise to spy
 These charming fountains swell so high,
 And foam as gaily up with joy,
 As tho' their flood
 Had still'd no heart, had drown'd no eye,
 Had fir'd no blood:

Then fair-hair'd Youths were there; perchance
 Just absent from the enticing dance,
 Where bright, poetic Beauty's trance
 Binds each young soul—
 And round they threw the timid glance
 And grasp'd the bowl.

And I did grieve to hear the cry
 Of feeble, worn-out Age: "Supply
 One more kind draught, we die! we die!
 Enchanter! pour!"—
 He pour'd—they gulp'd the goblet dry
 And spake no more!

* * * * *

I turn'd and stood with alter'd thought
 Beside a Lazar-House, where, brought
 On litters, all a refuge sought,
 Whom erst I saw
 Before the Fountains set at naught
 All care, all law.

And O, what
 Of blotch'd and
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May 20, 1823.

An Elegy on the

From death, th
 Ah! who ca
 For poor Louis
 Her gentle bos
 So lovely an

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 Her soul ha
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But ah! think
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 Her spirit roa
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 And Angels

The anguish o
 And sister's
 Should calm,
 Forever happy
 Nor wish to

She joined he
 Oh! what a
 They there e
 Their happy
 And every

And O, what hideous forms were they
 Of blotch'd and alter'd men! Such prey,
 Whom I had seen so young, so gay!
 Winds howl'd their ban,
 And graves yawn'd wide—I went my way
 And mourn'd for man.

May 20, 1823.

An Elegy on the Death of my Cousin Louisa

Clasby.

From death, that cruel, cruel foe,
 Ah! who can be secure;
 For poor Louisa felt the blow—
 Her gentle bosom swelled with woe—
 So lovely and so pure.

The vital spark of life is fled,
 Her soul has took its flight,
 Full low she lies among the dead—
 How damp and cold her youthful bed—
 A dreary, dreamless night.

But ah! think otherwise, my soul,
 It cannot, must not be;
 Her spirit roams without control,
 Where Heaven's melodious voices roll,
 And Angels bend the knee.

The anguish of a mother's breast,
 And sister's grief, severe,
 Should calm, to know that she's at rest,
 Forever happy with the blest,
 Nor wish to keep her here.

She joined her sister, far away,
 Oh! what a heavenly pair,
 They there enjoy an endless day,
 Their happy souls released from clay
 And every earthly care.

When young, unsullied, pure, and free,
 Just ripening into bloom,
 More cruel still it seems, to be,
 O, death ! so soon enrolled by thee,
 A tenant of the tomb.

But then, my lovely Cousins ne'er
 Were fitted for the earth—
 The Lord beheld their virtues here,
 And spake—" Nought but an Angel's sphere
 Should know an Angel's worth—"

Then took unto his heavenly breast,
 What he bestowed before :
 Of power to call, were we possess,
 No wish of ours should break their rest,
 Now weary life is o'er.

Cooperstown, March, 1825.

Recollections.

How oft the evening hours have flown,
 At home with stories told
 By mother, of the pleasures known
 In youthful times of old,
 When she was just beginning life,
 And ere she had become a wife.

Their evening scrapes, when e'er they met,
 In merry trim and glee,
 On little, sandy Nantucket,
 An Island of the sea,
 Which, though it looked so wild and bare,
 Was peopled by the brave and fair.

She counted o'er, the time to pass,
 And when she felt most sad,
 Who then was called the fairest lass,
 And who, the bravest lad.
 And oh ! their joys appeared so true,
 I longed to be a sailor too.

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Cooperstown, 18

Song of

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CHORUS.—

Of t when their sea-bred swains were gone,
 In other seas to sail,
 To double stormy, bleak Cape Horn,
 And grapple with the whale,
 How they would meet and chat and tell
 The feats of those they loved so well.

The absent lovers too would praise,
 Each, her that owned his heart,
 And, every day, count o'er the days
 That kept them still apart;
 And when they saw the little Isle,
 Each thought was joy, each look a smile.

But ah! the tear stood in her eye,
 As sadly then she said,
 "Those joyful days have flitted by,
 And many now are dead,
 Who then were happy, some, like me,
 Have left that Island in the Sea.

"I mourn that human life is so—
 All joys so transient here—
 In pity, all I can bestow,
 I freely give—a tear—
 As memory fondly traces o'er
 The days that will return no more."

Cooperstown, 1821.

Song of the Hudson Michigan Club.

O, brethren! when we mingle here,
 Where mutual greetings pass,
 Let friendly chat and foaming cheer
 Direct the social glass.

CHORUS.—Then push about the flowing can
 For jolly hearts are we;
 Drink deep to Gen. Michigan,
 And days about to be.

Let Masons boast their art divine,
And secret, purchas'd dear,
Our secret, lays in rosy wine,
And we divulge it there.
Then push, &c.

We drink not to the days gone by,
For youth has few to see;
But Hope, the charmer, colours high
"The days about to be."
Then push, &c.

'Tis *Michigan*, and he alone,
Inspires the fervid heart,
And his control is fully known,
Which makes us meet and part.
Then push, &c.

Yes, *Michigan*, to thee we bow,
Whose life-refreshing reign
Hast bid us all assemble now,
And oft will bid again.
Then push, &c.

And when we meet a cheerless wight,
An icy, lonely man,
And are besought to show him light,
We point to *Michigan*.
Then push, &c.

And when the days about to come,
Shall all have flitted by;
The General leads his children home
With bumpers foaming high.
Then push, &c.

Behold him ope the gates of Heaven,
The friendly usher he,
And then he bids the Toast be given—
The days no more to be.

CHORUS.—Then push about the flowing can
For jolly hearts are we;
Drink deep to Gen. *Michigan*,
And days no more to be.

Beware the
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Prison Fate.

Beware the road, which leads between
 The hall where Justice, rigid Queen!
 Deals hard, deals right, with high and mean,
 And that close keep,
 Whence grated eyes on this terrene
 Can barely peep!

No more like free-born souls they fare,
 No more they snuff the vernal air,
 No more they whisper honest care,
 Each with his spouse;
 For Justice hath condemned them there
 To mope and drowse.

O where's the tread of manly grace?
 The tongue which pulled his neighbor's face
 Ope like a purse?—the honored place
 Where none constrain?
 Worse broken than the sneaking race
 Once —— with Cain.

In vain they sigh for pleasant field,
 Or sweets that comfort's garners yield,
 The Penal wall is but a shield
 From wind and storm—
 Not famished—full, and not congealed—
 Is snug and warm.

In vain they sigh for friendship's ties,
 With love's delicious fire, it dies;
 No spirit more doth tear their eyes
 Apart at dawn,
 Impatient, till the harvest rise
 And yellow corn.

No more doth sleep and sweet repose,
 The kindly nurse of little woes,
 Come nightly, scenting like a rose
 The labored brain,
 That judgment may anew compose—
 And strength sustain.

Those chained within their hollow walls,
The airy voice of being calls
By hills, sweet banks and water falls—

Desist, O air!
Thy very breath of joy appals
The wretches there!

Back stretched, they lift not e'er an eye,
But gasping beg the boon to die,
E'en Fear, when oft we're succored by,
When vital breath
Hangs periled, meets without a sigh
And welcomes death!

Beware that road, where Justice (bent
Her brows, as Winter's firmament)
Scowls ever on that godless tent,
Cold walls and stones,
The palace high of Punishment,
The hall of groans!

Beware that black, that hissing road,
Where scorpions, where the madd'ning toad,
Spit—Penalty heaps up her load,
Pain darts her knife,
And keen Reflection plies her goad
On naked life!

The world aghast dries up its streams,
And from its eye no pity beams,
And in its look no mercy seems
To such forlorn,
But horror and the fierce extremes
Of hate and scorn.

But ye, condemned and dying there,
His name there is, whereby despair
May yet be driven from his lair,
Your ruined frame,
Whose life and death—were darker fare
And deeper shame.

He opes the
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He opes the soul, in thickest night,
 To regions of eternal light ;
 Nor think his mercy or his might
 Is slack or dim,
 Who gave the trusting thief a right
 To follow him.

Lines

On seeing a young lady at Cooperstown, whom I had
 formerly known in Hudson.

How oft upon that lovely face
 With fond delight these eyes did gaze,
 In long remember'd, halcyon days,
 Now past and fled,
 When pleasure's sun with smiling rays
 His splendor shed !

But now that childhood's days are o'er,
 I'm far remov'd and see no more
 An object Angels might adore,
 If fire of Love
 Did have its full extent of power
 In realms above.

How hard the lot to love in vain !
 But tenfold harder to complain,
 When love can't be return'd again
 In barter fair ;
 Unfelt the power, but yet the chain
 Compell'd to wear.

But go, dear mistress of my heart,
 Fate whispers we were formed to part ;
 Who can elude with mortals' art
 Her sovereign will ?
 Tho' vain the flame thou didst impart,
 It lingers still !

Go—on the World's eventful stage,
 Forget not at maturer age,

The youth thy beauty didst engage,
 In life's gay morn—
 Misfortune's child, whose heritage
 Is grief forlorn.

The thought that pity e'er possess'd,
 In my behalf, that gentle breast,
 Would silence every care to rest,
 In this sad heart ;
 I then could deem my being blest
 At least in part.

Cooperstown, 1824.

**Wm. Coleman was my early Friend and
 died as early.**

Come listen, while I number o'er
 The virtues of my friend of yore,
 Whose heart wore jewels, few have wore,
 Of friendship's crown ;
 Whose count'nance ne'er was ruffled o'er,
 By angry frown.

Ah ! he was mild as summer eve,
 When sol's retreating footsteps leave
 Bright purpling clouds that oft deceive ;
 As sheets of fire,
 Still deepening, as we perceive
 The cause retire.

I mourn—and precious is the tear,
 A tribute paid to one so dear,
 Whose virtues all men would revere,
 If witness'd all ;
 But ah ! the will of Fate severe,
 Doom'd him to fall.

My heart with grief has often pour'd,
 Where lonely fountain'd riv'lets roar'd,
 And where the industrious squirrel stor'd
 His scant supply ;
 His early exit I've deplor'd
 With glist'ning eye.

He was my play
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Dear partner
 O ! that I ha

He was my playmate and my friend,
Our joys and sorrows we did blend,
No wish to rival or contend.

Contented pair !

Beside what school and home could lend,
No thought, no care.

Return, return ye blissful days,
Return and lose me in the maze,
Where childhood's thoughtless fancy strays,

By ignorance sent ;

Give back the friend, whose worth I praise,
And I'm content.

Enough I've seen of manhood's joys,
I've seen the bustle and the noise,
That calm content, its aim, destroys,
And lothe the sight ;
I've seen how pleasure oft decoys
To dire delight.

The joys of manhood ill repay
For cares that wear the life away,
In search of what will rarely stay

Below the skies ;

Or if it visits earth to day
To-morrow flies.

Ah ! then I mourn my childhood's hours,
When all things shone with height'ned powers ;
And life appeared a path of flowers,
Sweet scented all ;

Alas ! the track we view as *ours*,
Runs o'er with gall.

With him my youthful pulse beat high
The glittering scene of life to try ;
I grasped and saw the phantom fly,

Its base of air,

And leave me heaving sigh to sigh,
In deep despair.

Dear partner of the days I mourn,
O ! that I had like thee been borne

To where I could no more return—
 Where all are blest :
 Taste what is fit of life, then spurn
 Unfit the rest !
Cooperstown, October, 1826.

**To the Editor of the New-York Mirror—
 The Disaffected Bard.**

"What themes remain for Bards to sing?
 The New-York Mirror, wit's right wing!
 And all their muses in a string,
 Leave nought for mine;
 Although my drink were Helles' Spring,
 My help the Nine !

"I must down, each day gone by,
 No Poet's rapture in my eye,
 Each morning view the kindling sky,
 No sonnet made;
 O, Bryant, Halleck, all the fry,
 Ye've spoil'd our trade !

"Ye so import, then make your sales
 So cheap, by boxes, crates and bales,
 That we must e'en hitch up our scales,
 Call up our debtors,
 Stop payment, bite our useles nails
 And close our shutters.

"O Bankrupts all, in wit and fame !
 O country Bards ! behold, with shame,
 In cold oblivion rot, the name
 Of each poor wight,
 Till't throws a Jack o' lantern flame
 Still worse than night !

"Their thoughts are stretch'd to either pole,
 They drown the eye, enchant the soul,
 They bid young fancy swell and roll
 A stream sublime,
 And all is told, but Symms's Hole,
 In deathless rhyme."

While such sad
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"Step boldly
 'This world
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 And Peter sh
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While such sad thoughts, as pebbles hard,
 Disturb'd our lowly Village Bard,
 His path being ta'en with no regard
 To wit or will,
 It led him far o'er flowery sward
 And shrubby hill.

He paus'd to sigh o'er every rill,
 His eye roll'd free from every hill,
 The mellow south wind now was still,
 And each wild glen
 Was cheer'd by some lone whippowill,
 Or joyous wren.

O, sweet the wild-wood songs to him!
 And passing sweet, with youthful limb,
 To roam the forest, or to skim
 The lake's clear wave,
 Where greatly free the wild ducks swim
 And wild deer lave!

But now he heard such dulcet strains,
 As rose o'er Ossian's streamy plains,
 Or broke the hearts of love-sick swains,
 Arcadian youths,
 When Venus wove her useless chains,
 And spurn'd fair Truth's.

He turn'd and saw a sweeter face
 Than e'er belonged to god or grace,
 Says she—"I know thy doleful case
 And every thing
 Annoying, let them run their race.
 Thou too shalt sing.

"Step boldly up and tell them all,
 'This world is wide and men are small,'
 That 'all the manna sure will fall,
 Which God can give,
 And Peter should not war with Paul,
 For each must live.'

"Moreover, tell them, 'God bestows
The gift of verse and gift of prose—'
And let damnation light on those,
Whose reasons can
Declare, that learning (rich men's clothes)
Will make the man.

"As well it were to give the place,
Pre-eminent 'mong human race,
To those pale creatures deck'd with lace
And plagued with wealth,
Before check'd apron's blooming face
And buxom health!

"'Tis thine to weave the homespun cloth,
(Substantial barrier 'gainst the North,)
But their productions feast the moth
And critic flies,
Or hang, like floating fragments, loth
To sink or rise."

She paus'd he look'd around her bower,
Where every thing betray'd the power
Of comfort o'er each smiling hour,
He saw the "Mirror,"
"Album," and many *weeklies* more
In sooth, with sorrow.

"Freedom!" he says, "you seem to share
The general plague that taints the air,
For see, what crowds of *weeklies* there,
Oppress your shelf—
So while you'd homespun me, you wear
The lace yourself!"

She stammer'd not, but answer'd soon:
"Depart thou rhyme—confusing loon,
For Period Prints are Freedom's boon,
And lift our Fair
Aloft like Robertson's balloon,
To purer air!

"The 'Mirror,' truest g
Deceives no maid, by ch
From Lake Champlain,
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To where the Western
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"The swarming prints
The Boston papers, thi
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Sir Isaac

On his endowing a Semina
and kindred with himself.

He hears a sound rush o'
Like the murmur of wo
'Tis the voice of his Fath
With the deep real tones
Who live as those Fath

He drinks in the sound fr
It is childhood's indebt
O! sweet to young valor
But dearer and sweeter i
And song, as it booms

"Thou cam'st to the lan
Forgetting the scenes
The smiles of a Court, o
A tie with the sons of th
And a name in their l

"The 'Mirror,' truest glass! whose look
Deceives no maid, by charms forsook,
From Lake Champlain, to Sandy Hook;
From our fat shelves,
To where the Western hunter's cook
Their meat themselves.

"The swarming prints of Philad'a,
The Boston papers, thick as they,
And hundreds miner, all display
Their talents true—
Depart, thou restless wight! I say
And read them too!"

Perplex'd, so contra then she spake,
He shrunk away through brush and brake,
But e'en your bright Gazette to take,
Resolv'd his will—
So begs you'll send, for Freedom's sake,
Your work and bill.

Sir Isaac Coffin,

On his endowing a Seminary, at Nantucket, for all of name
and kindred with himself.

He hears a sound rush o'er the billowy sea,
Like the murmur of worlds he has cherished,
'Tis the voice of his Fathers, (as fancy may be)
With the deep real tones of the lofty and free,
Who live as those Fathers have perished.

He drinks in the sound from the cloud-shaded Isle,
It is childhood's indebted devotion;
O! sweet to young valor's the praise of his toil,
But dearer and sweeter is gratitude's smile
And song, as it booms o'er the Ocean.

"Thou cam'st to the land of thy kindred and name,
Forgetting the scenes of thy glory,
The smiles of a Court, or the trumpet of Fame,
A tie with the sons of the water to claim,
And a name in their humbler story.

"Thou spakest, and learning is throned in her hall,
Supported by Freedom's alliance;
The dark lonely seas and far lands of the ball,
The love of the sages is opened to all,
And life is illumined by Science.

"O oft as we roam o'er the broad Southern sea,
And tame the huge lord of the waters,
The hand on the heart of a *Coffin* shall be,
As, sooth, it o'erflows with the memory of thee,
And the last little Isle of the Daughters.*

"And oft in the home of the hardy and brave,
When the happy no longer shall sever,
We will laugh at the danger and toil of the wave,
And bless the last token of friendship you gave
To the heirs of our spirits forever.

"And Fame shall present thee to thousands unborn,
Though not for the cap thou art doffing,
Nor the title and belt thou hast won and hast worn,
But that memory's holiest corner may urn
The name of the generous *COFFIN*."

Written when I imagined my Father lost at
Sea.

How blest if I again could hear
Those accents grateful to my ear,
My Father's friendly voice—
As Angels, o'er a sinner turned,
Pour forth the joy his soul has earned—
So would my heart rejoice!

Slow rolling years have passed away,
Since last I heard that Father say—

"Farewell my son, farewell!"
But I was young and thoughtless then,
And deemed he would return again,
And bid regrets dispel.

* Tradition says, the names of the sister Islands, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, were derived from the names of a chief, whose family name was Tucket, and his two daughters, Martha and Nancy.

Ah! *thoughtless*
And Hope's fair
The light that
For yonder wreck
Declares the death
And what my

I see the breast f
By deep corroding
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Be thou, O Lord
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A *Sailor's* so

Devoid of guilt,
Let me pursue
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Cooperstown, 182

An Elegy on the
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Hast thou tak
A journey f
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Nor cheer us
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Ah! *thoughtless* childhood now has fled,
 And Hope's fair lamp has ceased to shed
 The light that cheered me still;
 For yonder wreck, on yonder tide,
 Declares the death my Father died,
 And what my Mother will.

I see the breast from which I sprung,
 By deep corroding sorrow wrung,
 That ne'er its victim spares—
 Oh! Heaven, though I would not repine,
 Why was this cruel anguish mine,
 And why that trouble theirs?

To *her* the meed of comfort send—
 Be thou, O Lord! a bosom friend,
 In lieu of him that's gone—
 Teach me humility, I pray,
 That I may bless, not curse the day,
 A *Sailor's* son was born.

Devoid of guilt, devoid of fear,
 Let me pursue my journey here,
 Thy mercies still in view,
 And I will cease to grieve, or care,
 For one that's only entered where
 We all must enter too.

Cooperstown, 1825.

**An Elegy on the Death of my Grand Father,
 who died July 4th, 1825.**

Hast thou taken, no more to return,
 A journey that never will end?
 Wilt thou never, to ease our concern,
 Thy wonted employments attend?
 Wilt thou never, the hours to beguile,
 Thy stories amusing relate,
 Nor cheer us again with the smile
 Good humour can ever create?

Ah! no—thou hast left us, alas!
 Disconsolate, lonely and sad,
 The last fleeting sands of the glass
 Have numbered thy soul with the dead.
 We view thee with grief and regret,
 Prostrated thus low in the clay;
 But all must acknowledge a debt,
 We all have contracted to pay.

Distinctions, how useless and vain!
 With him who accepts but the heart,
 If that can from folly refrain,
 Then riches and honors depart;
 But if not, what good can they do?
 When Death and an injured Creator
 Are closing this world from our view,
 They render our anguish still greater.

See one his lone journey must take
 To the grave-yard unheeded, unknown,
 None sheds the sweet tears for his sake,
 Affection engenders alone;
 But the Christian, who ever has led
 A life without cause to offend;
 To his memory tears fondly are shed,
 And the prayers of the righteous ascend.

Thy fortitude rested on God,
 A support in the time of despair;
 For oft was inflicted the rod,
 Afflictive and painful to bear,
 O! that I could but kneel where thee knelt
 Be happy like thee in decline,
 Experience the comfort thee felt,
 And trust in the hope that was thine!

Who, now, in thy place can foretell
 The snow, or the hail, or the rain,
 Declare when the clouds will dispel
 And bring us fine weather again.
 Much time, on the land and the sea,
 Thou hast spent in observing the weather;

Our loss then is d
 The friend an
 Yes, useless is re
 That studied th
 For cloudless and
 Where none bu
 Eternity all in a
 No thunders te
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An Epistle to Albe he had bee

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They say thou
 Which travels
 When wind an
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O God! what
 In

Ye wights wh
 Whose bowels
 Whose backs,
 R
 For Steam can
 A

And I rejoice
 Since life is b
 Whose very
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 That there al
 F

Our loss then is double in thee,
The friend and the prophet together.

Yes, useless is rendered that eye,
That studied the mists of the morn;
For cloudless and happy's the sky,
Where none but the happy are gone.
Eternity all in a day,

No thunders tempestuously roar,
And none have occasion to say,
"What weather, to-day, Uncle Noah?"

**An Epistle to Albert I. Coffin, on hearing that
he had become a Steam Doctor.**

I understand thou'st left behind
The willow twigs that once thou twin'd,
The Springs and scenes that cure the mind
Of all its trials,
And art one of a bran-new kind
Of Knights of vials.

They say thou cur'st with that same power
Which travels sixteen miles an hour,
When wind and tide are both before
On this our stream;
O God! what blessings dost thou shower
In shape of Steam!

Ye wights whose very hearts are sick!
Whose bowels, colic pierces quick,
Whose backs, rheumatic favors crick,
Rejoice! rejoice!
For Steam can cast out devils thick,
As Prophet's voice.

And I rejoice with joy extreme,
Since life is but a changeeful dream,
Whose very causes oft-times seem
A demon's will,
That there abides the Giant Steam
For every ill.

But Oh ! there is a proud disease,
 More weak than those, more strong than these,
 Which Steam o'erthrows, which Steam can ease,
 E'en from whose sound—
Dyspepsy—stomach lost thou sees
 And bowels bound—

An appetite that well may vie
 With any inmate of the stye,
 But when, alas ! the food we try
 With keen delight,
 The stomach gives a painful lie
 To every bite.

Your Steam, its engines and its powers,
 Can start not such disease as ours,
Dyspepsy ! greatest plague that lowers
 On flesh or soul,
 For when the vital leaven sours,
 It sours the whole.

O torment ! such as fables tell
 Of him condemned in heathen hell
 To see the water roll and swell,
 Deep, cool and clear,
 And still to prove it all a spell
 With thirst severe.

But tho' my present evils reach
 Beyond the Steam-controlling leech,
 Yet roots, that Doctors rarely teach
 And quacks despise,
 Will make me redden like the peach,
 Below the eyes.

Although a shadow, still I know
 There's strength enough, thank God ! below,
 In each low root and humble blow,
 That cheers the plain,
 To make new vigour boil and flow
 In every vein.

O health ! what bliss
 Old nature's innate
 And yet how foolish
 While
 To think that pleasure
 In nou

Now give me health
 All but the daily
 And all the wealth
 For y
 Still could I laugh
 And

I hope thou wilt
 Such physic-sme
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I've nothing fun
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 My love to all
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Trees,

Trees, ye are
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O health ! what blessings fly with thee !
 Old nature's innate fund of glee ;
 And yet how foolish, oft are we,
 While bless'd with health,
 To think that pleasure's smile can be
 In nought but wealth !

Now give me health and ye may take
 All but the daily Indian cake,
 And all the wealth that I could make
 For years unspent—
 Still could I laugh for Fortune's sake
 And be content.

I hope thou wilt not deem amiss,
 Such physic-smelling rhyme as this,
 But "give to Cæsar what is his,"
 And make me feel
 The honest joke and lively quiz
 With hand and seal.

I've nothing further worthy notice,
 My Mother's health just so and so 'tis ;
 My love to all on whom thou dotest,
 Where'er they dwell ;
 And vote for Adams when thou votest—
 Farewell, farewell.
 From thy affectionate nephew,

WM. A. COFFIN.

Trees, or Life and Nature.

Trees, ye are spreading your mantles o'er,
 Clothing your boughs full meet, I ween—
 Where are the leafy garbs ye wore,
 When a Millenium blest your scene ?
 O ! I was young,
 Gaily I sung,
 "Life and nature will aye be green !"

Long I sported beneath your boughs,
 All the Summer of warmth and joy,
 Then I beheld the Wintry snows
 With the ken of a reckless boy;
 Still, thought I,
 Nature may die—
 Life hath nothing of such alloy.
 But I have come to tell ye, trees,
 Life hath Winter of deeper gloom;
 Drowned every balmy breeze—
 Stifled every sweet perfume;
 Wild winds wail,
 Life shall fail—
 No kind Spring to renew its bloom.
 Make my bed in the sod below,
 Where, as ye swell and blossom and wave,
 Every branch shall resign its blow—
 Beautiful gift! to bedeck my grave
 Its leaves, that fall,
 To be my pall—
 Life and nature—'tis all I crave!

Address to the Lunarians.

Ye moonly race! we know you have a sun.
 By day, a moon too when the day is done;
 We know ye've mountains and volcanoes dire,
 To flow with rivers and to vomit fire,
 Than which more earthly can be reckon'd higher.
 But have ye, say, ye tribes of moonly men!
 The Serpent's morass and the Lion's den,
 The Panther's night-howl, and the desert's breath,
 Despair, dread, rapine, plague, contagion, death,
 Whose hell-blown blossoms furnish fiends a wreath?
 Have ye, O, inmates of a place so fair!
 Dark terms of troubles coin'd to serve you there?
 Such thing as sorrow, such idea as pain,
 And heart-wrung partings ne'er to meet again?
 A state how hopeless and a life how vain!

Does war's fierce furies kind
 And State in anger, arm to
 Does murder's gory banner
 And high-wrought spirit sm
 Spurning salvation—if retr

Or rather, there is Friends
 Does pleasure sooth ye, an
 Is each a brother, each a fr
 And war and rapine strang
 And gaunt Ambition—bloo

Perhaps ye know no sorrow
 Of undisputed pastures, si
 No foul distinctions and n
 But, "do thou that which
 Your guide—sole guidanc

Ye then will verify some
 A half-way being 'twixt a
 Not all an angel, nor a m
 With life's enjoyments, b
 Ye live and revel, while v

Perhaps ye're hideous mo
 Whom love or friendship
 With hell-hound dispositi
 And still the weaker to t
 The friend of yesterday

Howe'er, we know not, a
 If each to other be a frie
 Be ye a greater or a mea
 Than man, more gifted w
 Or less, who tarry upon

High-reaching science ca
 Thy form, fair Planet, an
 But never can devise a t
 Or mode of flying thro' t
 To search thy vallies and

Does war's fierce furies kindle hellish hate,
 And State in anger, arm to punish State ?
 Does murder's gory banner o'er ye wave,
 And high-wrought spirit smile upon its grave,—
 Spurning salvation—if retreat must save ?

Or rather, there is Friendship's warm web wove ?
 Does pleasure sooth ye, and delight ye love ?
 Is each a brother, each a friend to each,
 And war and rapine strangers e'en in speech,
 And gaunt Ambition—blood-extracting leech ?

Perhaps ye know no sorrows—feel no pains,
 Of undisputed pastures, simple swains,
 No foul distinctions and no “*powers* that be ;”
 But, “ do thou that which seemeth best to thee,”
 Your guide—sole guidance of the truly free.

Ye then will verify some dreamer's plan,
 A half-way being 'twixt a god and man ;
 Not all an angel, nor a mortal all,
 With life's enjoyments, but without its gall,
 Ye live and revel, while we faint and fall.

Perhaps ye're hideous monsters, shapeless forms,
 Whom love or friendship's rapture never warms ;
 With hell-hound dispositions, hearts of clay,
 And still the weaker to the strong a prey—
 The friend of yesterday devour'd to-day !

Howe'er, we know not, and shall never know,
 If each to other be a friend or foe ;
 Be ye a greater or a meaner race
 Than man, more gifted with Creator's grace,
 Or less, who tarry upon Luna's face.

High-reaching science can but contemplate
 Thy form, fair Planet, and thy distance great ;
 But never can devise a thoroughfare,
 Or mode of flying thro' the upper air,
 To search thy vallies and the beings there.

Still are we neighbors, moon, and strangers still,
 So fix'd and bounded by the Maker's will;
 Earth lights ye nightly, nightly earth ye light,
 Assisting mutually, with visage bright,
 To soften down the gloomy shades of night.

Dance on Twin Sisters, in your glad career
 And share the sunshine and divide the year;
 And you ye moonites, albeit hidden so,
 Your shapes and manners, there are men below
 As strange to study and as hard to know.

An Epistle to my Sister.

Why does Sister always ask me
 For a letter wrote in verse,
 Does she mean to tease and task me,
 Making what is peevish worse?
 Nature, when a soul she lent me,
 Fired impatience thro' my veins,
 Then, as if in pity, sent me
 A Poet's luckless, plodding brains.

Still I thank her for the dower,
 Tho' a *Poet's* chance is slim;
 Every freak, in Fortune's power,
 She delights to play with him.
 In Elysian dreams, she'll steep him,
 That a Poet loves to feel;
 Still contriving still to keep him
 At the bottom of her wheel,

Let her play her freaks at pleasure,
 I will sing and be content,
 Wishing nought of other treasure,
 Than what pitying nature sent.
 Grant that Fortune hates the *Poet*—
 Grant her train of joys forsake;
 He has joys, though she don't know it,
 Fortune ne'er can give nor take.

There are pleasures
 Of an inward nat
 'Tis in living o'er t
 Bringing childhoo
 Memory wafts me
 Where on skates
 Roams with me the
 "Tippo" barking

Every spot I there
 Every hill and e
 Faithfully are repr
 As they once ap
 Then my playmate
 Friends rememb
 Feeling thoughts r
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 These are themes
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Life appears in co
 To the young a
 While *Deceit*, her
 Makes us eager
 Hushed with hope
 Feign a prospec
 Till the gathering
 Tearing dire de

Ask the drunkard
 Sorrow filled th
 He will say that l
 He will say tha
 Ask yon weeping
 Life look'd brig
 But it shone with
 From her youth

There are pleasures, I enjoy,
 Of an inward nature too ;
 'Tis in living o'er the boy,
 Bringing childhood back to view.
 Memory wafts me to the river,
 Where on skates I loved to glide ;
 Roams with me the hollows over,
 " Tippo " barking at my side.

Every spot I there frequented,
 Every hill and every tree,
 Faithfully are represented
 As they once appeared to me ;
 Then my playmates number'd over,
 Friends remembered, foes forgot—
 Feeling thoughts round each one hover,
 And compare each different lot.

But my verse is growing stupid,
 And thy patience will be tried
 More than if I sung of *Cupid*,
 Or a bridesgroom, or a bride.
 These are themes delight such creatures
 As thou now hast grown to be,
 And they prove the leading features
 In the thoughts of most like me.

Life appears in colors glowing
 To the young and ardent mind,
 While *Deceit*, her banners showing,
 Makes us eager, makes us blind.
 Hushed with hope, its early stages
 Feign a prospect bright and gay
 Till the gathering tempest rages,
 Tearing dire *deceit* away.

Ask the drunkard, 'tis repeated,
 Sorrow filled the flowing bowl,
 He will say that life has cheated,
 He will say that pleasure stole.
 Ask yon weeping widow's story,
 Life look'd bright when she was wed,
 But it shone with borrowed glory
 From her youthful ardor shed.

Every one has tales of sorrow,
 Tales of deep regret to tell ;
 Yet a little hope they borrow,
 Thinking all may yet be well.
 Throughout life they have been cheated,
 Justly they condemn the ill ;
 But their hopes are *still* repeated
 And are disappointed *still*.

I would gladly be a hermit,
 Lonely, on some lonely isle ;
 Though the world should madness term it,
 I would term them mad the while.
 There are ties that bind me to it,
 Else, why love a world like this,
 When *deceit* is scattered thro' it,
 Coloring misery into bliss ?

Ceasing now to grieve and ponder
 O'er the courses mortals take,
 Let us for a moment wander
 On the banks of yonder lake.
 Sol in splendor is retreating
 Gaily down the smiling west,
 Other distant nations greeting,
 Starting others from their rest.

See the placid lake is showing
 All that's lovely, all that's gay,
 Giltwork on its bosom glowing,
 Kindled by the orb of day.
 Round its margin Autumn's dresses,
 Brown and yellow, red and green,
 Throw a charm that far surpasses
 Every Spring or Summer scene.

Here the Indian hunter angled,
 Here the Indian maiden sighed,
 Here the *deer* was oft entangled
 And the hunted raccoon died ;
 Here the *war-song* oft was chaunted
 And the *dance* as often trod
 E're the forms of whitemen haunted
 Pure *Otsego's* silver flood.

Now no *red man*
 Fair *Otsego's*
 Now no *red man*
 Springs the *p*
 He has long sin
 Driven by a f
 Once he did, bu
 Call it more

Here I often lo
 Love to mus
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Has not this lo
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 Reading this
 Patience to th
 Murmur not
 For should I c
 It would so
 Cooperstown, No

An Ad

The bell ringer of
 sunrise, at twelve o'clock

Rise, *Munie*,
 And Sol is
 Shake off the
 That chain
 Awake, and b
 That duty
 Asunder tear
 That have
 And manifest
 That sleep w

Now no *red man* paddles over
 Fair Otsego's bosom clear,
 Now no *red man* kills the plover,
 Springs the *partridge*, hunts the deer;
 He has long since left the valley,
 Driven by a fairer race,
 Once he did, but never shall he
 Call it more his dwelling place.

Here I often love to linger,
 Love to muse o'er other days,
 Touched by dear reflection's finger,
 Lost where pensive memory strays;
 Then I view the past with sorrow,
 Mourn that childhood's days are o'er,
 Warned by Autumn's gloom, "to-morrow
 I may fall to rise no more!"

Has not this long winded letter
 Tired thy patience, Sister, say,
 Is thy time accounted better
 Reading this than thrown away?
 Patience to thy aid be bringing,
 Murmur not, tho' great the ill;
 For should I continue singing,
 It would soon be greater still.

Cooperstown, November 6, 1825.

An Address to Munie Groat,

The bell ringer of the village of Cooperstown: He rang at sunrise, at twelve o'clock, and at nine in the evening.

Rise, *Munie*, rise! the cock has crow'd
 And Sol is just in sight,
 Shake off the drowsy, sleepy load
 That chained you through the night.
 Awake, and bid your neighbors rise—
 That duty don't forget—
 Asunder tear the workman's eyes,
 That have too long been shut,
 And manifest from yonder spire,
 That sleep with darkness must retire.

Come *Munie*, ring the dinner bell,
 This stomach asks for food,
 It tells a tale your own should tell,
 To prompt the singing mood.
 Sour looks, where sourer stomachs dwell,
 And half done dinners, late,
 When you neglect to ring the bell,
 On workman oft await;
 And curses, till their mouths be fed,
 Are showered upon your careless head.
 Not so, when you are prompt and true,
 The welcome sound arrives,
 The workman has his plate in view,
 His spoons, his forks, his knives—
 He drops the auger and the saw,
 The chissel and the plane,
 And hastens to supply his maw
 With strength to work again;
 For noon's enlivening meal secures
 Enjoyment, workmen, only yours.

'Tis evening, *Munie*, be you there,
 Upon the spot, at nine,
 The workman cannot longer bear
 His work and not repine.
 The loved ideas of the bed
 And sweet restoring sleep,
 Affect his tired and drowsy head
 With many a downward sweep;
 Till startled by the welcome swell
 Of your relieving evening bell.

A trumpet shall sound, the Prophets say,
 And Christ himself shall reign
 Triumphant on the judgment day,
 Restoring peace again;
 But if a sound should rend the skies,
 A resurrection bell,
 I hope as Sexton, you may rise,
 That hour of doom to tell!
 Strong and long winded may you be,
 To wake each drowsy head like me.
Cooperstown, August, 1825.

**An Address to the Phoenix
 the Ocean, composed between
 and Block Island, in**

What are ye that live in the
 And mock the wet billows t
 Who hath illumined ye, tre
 To dance at the festival bar
 Or nightly to light the prou
 Turning to fire the salt, we
 Turning to water yourselfe
 Ocean! so dismally deep a
 Can'st not be lighted by on
 Can'st not be lighted by mi
 Modestly bright, on thy tre
 No! none but the Ruler of
 Aids thy fierce armies along
 And he it is takest thy gen
 When he is lost in shadow
 Danger and darkness the n
 Who can illumine the soul
 When the gew-gaws of Ple
 There is a Ruler of Heaven
 Who darts thro' the mind,
 Which takes the false spar

**To a Lady with a request
 a Keepsake for**

O paint a little flower
 Of the yellow, lake
 Such as in Summer bo
 Lowly springing, I
 When the mellow-throat
 And his chorus fell an
 Gently as the zephyr
 With the soul-subduin
 Of his lo

'Tis an emblem, 'tis a
 Of the fervid love of
 Ere the passions, fully
 Feel the chilling bla

**An Address to the Phosphoric Animalculæ of
the Ocean, composed between Martha's Vineyard
and Block Island, in the Summer of 1826,**

What are ye that live in the sea so bright,
And mock the wet billows to quench your light?
Who hath illumined ye, trembling sparks,
To dance at the festival banquet of sharks;
Or nightly to light the proud ship on her way,
Turning to fire the salt, wet spray,
Turning to water yourselves all day?

Ocean! so dismally deep and dark,
Can'st not be lighted by one small spark,
Can'st not be lighted by millions that rest,
Modestly bright, on thy tremulous breast!

No! none but the Ruler of day
Aids thy fierce armies along to the prey,
And he it is takest thy gems away.

When he is lost in shadowy maze,
Danger and darkness the meed of his days,
Who can illumine the soul of man?
When the gew-gaws of Pleasure have ceas'd, who can?
There is a Ruler of Heavenly sway,
Who darts thro' the mind, a comforting ray,
Which takes the false sparkles of life away.

**To a Lady with a request to paint a Flower as
a Keepsake for the Writer.**

O paint a little flower
Of the yellow, lake and green,
Such as in Summer bower,
Lowly springing, I have seen,
When the mellow-throated Robin sung above,
And his chorus fell and rose,
Gently as the zephyr blows,
With the soul-subduing throes
Of his love.

'Tis an emblem, 'tis a type,
Of the fervid love of youth,
Ere the passions, fully ripe,
Feel the chilling blast of truth,

And childhood's glowing scenes fade away;
 But when Manhood's Winter sun
 Tells my days of pleasure done,
 Would to God! the smiles of one
 Were my stay!

I have gaz'd upon the fair,
 I have sunn'd me in her eye,
 And have read expressions there,
 Half acknowledged with a sigh;
 But this heart was never scath'd by her power;
 And I deem'd it ne'er would be,
 Thoughtless fancy roving free,
 Till I met the gaze of thee!
 Paint the flower.

As a token I will keep,
 What in token thou wilt give,
 That the wilder feelings sleep,
 That the milder feelings live;
 But that both do flash and foam at thy name,
 Or the bosom-piercing dart,
 That those hazel eyes impart,
 Steeping this devoted heart
 In the flame.

O love! thou art a thing
 All controlling, uncontroll'd,
 And thy whirling eddies bring
 A confusion never told
 By the maniac, the bard or the seer;
 Still more powerful the whole,
 If Beauty's life and soul
 Be the Heaven-gated goal
 Of career.

Then paint a little flower
 Of the yellow, lake and green,
 Such as in Summer bower,
 Lowly springing, I have seen,
 When the mellow-throated Robin sang above,
 And his chorus fell and rose,
 Gently as the torrent flows,
 With the soul-subduing throes
 Of his love.

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Antucket Historical Association

Nantucket Historical Association.